

STARTED AT BOTTOM; NOW HEADS COMPANY

Somerset County, Boy Preferred Post Hole Digging to Solleting.

NOW BOSS OF TELEPHONE CO.

William Walker Left Somerset Nearly 15 Years Ago and Has Now Become General Superintendent of Corn Belt Telephone Company of Iowa.

Special to The Courier.
SOMERSET, Jan. 10.—Somerset county acquaintances of William P. Walker of Waterloo, Ia., son of Elder D. H. Walker of Somerset township, have just learned that he has been advanced to general superintendent of the Corn Belt Telephone Company of Iowa. Mr. Walker, who came to the telephone company from Somerset county, has been steadily "making good" in the telephone business in Iowa until he now holds the most lucrative position in one of the most extensive telephone circuits of the Middle West.

At first, Walker's last promotion is generally believed to have been due to his close association with Col. John F. Ladd of Somerset, with whom Walker "went West" nearly fifteen years ago. Both were seeking jobs, and they found them. In 1898 Ladd returned to Somerset to volunteer his services in the Spanish-American war, enlisting in Company I, which he selected here. Walker remained in Iowa.

"I'll never forget the day Will Walker secured his first job at Waterloo with the companies that have now made him their general superintendent," said Register Ladd yesterday. "I received a telegram from the employing office of the telephone company, was surprised when he started down a job as solicitor, and asked to be put to work digging post holes."

"I came out here to learn this business from the bottom up," he determined, and the employer who had wanted him as a solicitor saw the phone subscribers. Instead of running to new patrons I want to see how the poles and wires are put up. Give me a job like that."

The manager of the company was amazed at the attitude of the Somerset boy, who had never even dug a post hole before, and, collecting his pay, his mentor suggested he was better off, but he was impressed with the young man's logic and he was put to work as he desired.

The rest of the story vindicates Walker's judgment of younger days, for he has steadily advanced in construction work and by his determination to begin at the bottom was rapidly advanced in both position and salary until he now has charge of two of Iowa's largest telephone concerns.

SHE GAVE UP HOPE

When Mrs. Joseph Lombard, who lives at 224 State street, Brooklyn, wrote this letter in the hope that it would be seen by discouraged women, she did something that will be of help to many thousands.

She says: "After praying for five years for a cure and loss of hope without finding any relief, I almost gave up hope of ever getting better."

"About this time Vinol was recommended to me and I have found it a truly wonderful remedy. I have, regained my health and feel strong and well again. I cannot say enough in praise of its value."

All weak, exhausted women, men, old folk, puny children and feeble old folks, can have new health and strength by taking this delicate red liver and iron remedy. It contains no oil and is agreeable to even the most delicate stomach. Vinol is a great appetizer and body-builder for every person who is not down and weak. We also back your money if Vinol does not do all we claim. Graham & Company, Druggists, Connellsville, Pa. Vinol is sold in West Connellsville by Fred H. Hartmaning, druggist.

NO CHANCES TAKEN BY BASKET BALL MANAGEMENT

Gas Stoves Have Been Heating the Hall Since Early in Anticipation of Tonight's Game.

The basketball management does not intend to take any chances in regard to temperature conditions at the basketball hall this evening. Since Sunday all of the gas stoves in the structure have been gone at full blast. This will welcome news to fans who sat and shivered throughout the entire game when the College played South Side here last week.

Charleroi is the attraction at the West Side hall this evening and the pace that the Cokers have been setting during the past week will be a powerful magnet in bringing up the attendance this evening.

MARRIED YESTERDAY.

Bookkeeper Takes Business College Student For Bride.

Morris C. Walker, bookkeeper at the Young Brewery and Mrs. Eddie A. Bowley of Vanderbilt were quietly married yesterday afternoon at the Trinity Lutheran church, Pittsburg. The minister officiating. The bridegroom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Walker of South Connellsville. The bride was a student at Douglass Business College up to a few days ago and has many friends in Connellsville.

They will reside at the home of the bridegroom's parents in South Connellsville.

Infant Child Dead.
Leona May Raynor, aged 1 year, one month and 27 days, died this morning of whooping cough and pneumonia. Deceased was a daughter of Charles and Lillian Hobson Raynor of near Moyers, interment Friday morning in Mt. Olive cemetery.

HOOPER ELECTED DIRECTOR IN YOUTH NATIONAL BANK

He Successes the Enos B. M. Boys on the Board, Having Been Elected Yesterday Afternoon.



Thomas J. Hooper.

Yesterday the stockholders of the Young National Bank elected Thomas J. Hooper to succeed the late Col. Peterman M. Boys as a Director of that institution.

Mr. Hooper has been engaged actively in the show business for the past 20 years and is now senior member of the enterprising firm of Hooper & Long.

OFFICERS ELECTED

By Baptist Sunday School at Recent Meeting.

The following officers have been elected by the First Baptist Sunday school for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Earl Shullington; Assistant Secretary, John Valley; Planst, Miss Stella Straub; Assistant Planst, Sue Bush; Secretary, Ray Metzger; Assistant, John W. Miller; Treasurer, Albert Jones; Chorister, L. V. Marshall; Assistant Chorister, Harry Johnson. The office of treasurer is still

MISS ABRAMS BECOMES THE BRIDE OF LLOYD CHORPENNING

Pretty Wedding Was Solemnized at the Home of the Bride's Parents at Smithfield This Morning.

Friends over Fayette county will be interested in the wedding of Attorney Lloyd G. Chorpennig of Uniontown and Miss Mary E. Abram, which occurred at 7:30 o'clock this morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Abram, in Smithfield. The event was performed by the Rev. Frank Dickey, no attendants and no witnesses except by the utmost simplicity there being no attendants and not witnesses except by the bride's parents, her brother John, sisters Sarah and Leonora Abram, and grandmother, Mrs. J. C. Conner. The services were performed by the bride's pastor, Rev. Frank Dickey, the Rev. E. G. Clark.

While the engagement had been known to their friends for months past the date of the wedding had been kept secret and the ceremony was a pleasant surprise. The bride and groom were dressed in their arrangements according to the wedding and honeymoon and never over their closest friends learned of the real news concerning their movements with the last moment.

After a wedding breakfast with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chorpennig left Smithfield on the 8:30 train for Fairmont, to go from there to Washington, D. C., and other places in the east. On their return they will take up their residence in Uniontown.

Mr. Chorpennig is one of the promising young attorneys of the Fayette county bar.

He formerly taught school in Saltville, Virginia, Newellton, West Virginia, and was principal of the public schools. For the last three years he has been successfully engaged in the practice of law in Uniontown. He is a son of Mrs. Christiana Chorpennig, who now lives at Buckeville, Fayette county.

Miss Abram is a graduate of the Fayette county high school.

The bride is possessed of these womanly traits which strongly endear her to all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. She has been prominent in musical, social and religious circles in her home town. She has received musical education at West Virginia University and has been pianist and active in other departments of the church work for a number of years.

HEED THE WARNING!

Backdoe is the Signal that Kidney Disease is Prevalent.

Who doesn't know of the advanced stages of kidney trouble—Bright's disease, dropsy and gravel?

But to-day throughout America there are tens of thousands suffering the torments of hopeless agony just because they failed to heed the first signal, the certain warning of future misfortune.

Backdoe means that your kidneys are weak.

Stop kidney disease at the start—that that easiest way. The Thompson's "Dardox" is the greatest remedy.

It is a great maker of pure blood, and a builder of flesh, because it promptly cleans the kidneys and puts them in such perfect condition that the impurities are thoroughly strained out.

Take Thompson's "Dardox" every evening after dinner or before bed.

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The News of Nearby Towns.**Dunbar.**

DUNBAR, Jan. 10.—J. T. Shultz, of New Salem, was here on Sunday, the guest of friends.

On Monday night the second week of the revival services which are being conducted by Rev. L. F. Pogue, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, was opened, in spite of the inclement weather, a large crowd being present. A special feature of this week's meetings will be the music which has been specially prepared by the choir and included solos, duets and quartets.

Postmaster, William C. Smith, left on Monday for Dunbar, where he went to attend to some business matters for several days.

John P. Keating of the West Side, Connells, was here cutting, on friends yesterday.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold their regular meeting on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. S. Carroll. All the members of the society are requested to be present.

J. H. Hoffman, chief car tracer for the Pennsylvania railroad, was here Monday from Philadelphia looking after some matters pertaining to lost cars.

Mrs. Grant Hayes was the guest of friends in Connellsburg on Saturday. Samuel J. Clutter of Monaca, Pa., moved his family here on Monday and will occupy the Swearingen farm. J. H. Gray moved his family to Porcette, Pa., where he has accepted a position with a glass firm at that place.

C. J. Pettit, who with his family has occupied the Swearingen farm for the past year, moved his family on Monday to Monaca, Pa., where they will make their future home.

Miss Beulah Cathron, chief operator at the Bell telephone office, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cathron, at Brownsville, Pa.

Miss Beatrice Klingon is learning the board in the telephone office as a vacancy will soon exist in the office force of the Bell office. It is whispered that Dan Cupid will be the cause.

Mrs. Leslie Kelly was the guest of friends in Connellsburg yesterday.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank was held on Tuesday afternoon, January 9, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock. At the close of the election no change in the composition of the directors, which is as follows: T. D. Kline, John Wishart, J. S. Carroll, Charles E. Wilson, James W. Semans and G. D. Kimball. The officers of the bank are as follows: President, T. D. Palmer; Vice President, J. W. Semans; Cashier, G. D. Kimball; and Bookkeeper, Ray Holling.

Vanderbilt.

VANDERBILT, Jan. 10.—J. H. Perry of New York, was transacting business here Tuesday.

Judge of the Peace, R. T. McLaughlin, was a business caller at Dickenson Run yesterday.

Misses Anna and Rosa Muhr have returned to their home at Connellsburg after a pleasant visit here with relatives and friends.

Mr. Shadie of McKeesport, was in business earlier here. Monday.

Edward Strode, well known young man of town and until recently a teacher in the public schools, has accepted the position as bookkeeper for the W. J. Hulsey Coke Company at this place.

C. Moore has purchased a new site for his home on High Street, Connellsburg, from L. W. Miller.

Harry Goodman has returned to his work at Fayette City after a short visit here with relatives and friends.

Frank Black of Dickerson Run, was a business caller here yesterday.

William Patchfield of Dawson, was calling on friends here Tuesday.

Ohioopyle.

OHIOOPYLE, Jan. 10.—Mrs. A. J. Colborn and daughter, Leila, were in Connellsburg yesterday shopping and visiting friends.

Cave Single spent Tuesday visiting with Howard Friend.

Mr. H. J. Jones returned to his home here after a short visit with relatives in Pittsburgh.

Clyde Starks and brother of Middle, W. Va., who have been visiting with friends here for the past few days, left No. 12 for Humber to attend to business there.

Mrs. J. R. Enzy and daughter, May, were visiting friends on Garrett Street Tuesday afternoon.

Bought Stolen Shoes.

Charles Ads and son, Raymond, are in jail on charges of buying stolen shoes from Howard Robinson, in jail for robbing a Uniontown shoe store.

State in Court.

James Bennett, colored, was arrested in Uniontown yesterday for the theft of an overcoat from Amos H. Cooley in a moving picture theatre.

After the Age of Fifty

From this age the human system gradually declines and the accumulated poisons in the blood cause rheumatism, pain in the muscles, and other diseases.

These warnings should be promptly relieved and serious illness avoided, using the following simple remedy, which comes from a noted doctor and is said to have no equal during childhood. It results from the first dose.

"From your doctor in original form, one tablet and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound, take three or four drams of water and put them into a pint of good whisky. Shake the bottle and drink it immediately before meals and at bed-time. If your physician does not have Tonicine in stock he will get it for you. Don't be influenced by his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take a patent medicine instead of this simple, safe, genuine tonic compound in the original one ounce sealed, yellow package."

**Dawson.**

DAWSON, Jan. 10.—Miss Marguerite Ruth was a recent Connellsburg shop girl.

Jackie Geckey was a Connellsburg tailor last evening.

Misses Marie Cochran and Helen Fleischman and George Cochran were callers at Connellsburg last evening.

Miss Ed. M. Bell came home a few days ago and had dinner at her home on Main street last evening.

Donald Riot and Raymond Boyd resumed their studies at Beaverford college after spending the holidays here with their parents.

Mrs. Raymond Cunningham, who has been sickly ill with pleurisy, is slowly recovering.

W. H. Bush was a business caller at Connellsburg, recently.

Herminia Wilkins, Clyde Wilkins and O. G. Carson of Star Junction, registered at the Rush House yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Stuckel, who have been spending the past few weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Stuckel, Pa., returned home last evening.

Rev. H. A. Burns, pastor of the Cochran Memorial M. E. church here, assisted in the revival services at Connellsburg last evening.

Albert Boyd of Elm Grove was in town last evening.

Hugh Shlomberger of Vanderhill was a business caller here last evening.

A delightful surprise party was given by the ladies of the M. E. church Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester, the home of the late former director, Miss Hixenbaugh, at whose place Miss Hixenbaugh makes her home. The affair was given as a farewell party in honor of Miss Hixenbaugh who with the Vorster will take up their residence the middle of this month in Philadelphia, where she is continuing about 100 presents. Miss Hixenbaugh with a very beautiful gift in remembrance of her Dawson friends. The evening was pleasantly spent in music. Mrs. Do II J. Bell and Miss Helen Bell Bush sang several very pleasing songs, while Mr. Penn Keech of Connellsburg, Miss, also rendered some very beautiful piano solos. A delicious lunch was served to the ladies.

Confluence.

CONFLUENCE, Jan. 10.—Miss Jesse Hixenbaugh of Addison, was in town yesterday on her way to Cumberland to visit friends for a few days.

Katherine Boggs, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Boggs, is seriously ill at the home of her parents on Odell street.

Mr. John Fisher and two children, Max and Clara, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Woodmeney at their home several days recently.

Mrs. Clara Belle Johnson of Meaderton, is spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Johnson.

Mrs. Adeline Show is visiting her sister, Mrs. Howard Sprout at Farmington, Pa.

Miss Lydia Grable is the guest of friends in Farmington from Saturday until Monday.

M. F. Shaffer of Connellsburg, was in town on business Monday.

Mrs. Weaver of Youngwood, Pa., is spending several weeks with her mother, Mrs. John Minder.

Mrs. John Minder's son returned home yesterday after spending a few days with his daughter, Mrs. J. M. Weaver in Scotland.

Park McMillion of Addison, was in town yesterday, when on his return to Beaver College to resume his course of study.

Miss Gertrude Show is spending several weeks with friends in Cumberland and Monaca.

Mrs. Ethel VanStekel of Ursinia, was the guest of friends in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Detloff, the proud parents of a fine big baby girl, are in town.

Mrs. Merlin Kratzman left this week for a six week's visit with friends in Pittsburgh.

A quarrel in one of the Western Maryland Italian camps near town resulted in a brutal murder. Several foreigners were variously injured and one killed. Officer Burrows was present but the murderer escaped before he reached the camp. The body of the dead man was removed to A. R. Hunter's morgue and will be kept until the arrival of the coroner.

Miss Catherine of Durban, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Howard, the 23 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frantz, who is recovering from an attack of diphtheria, is reported to be improving rapidly.

The Confluence postoffice moved into the new office in the bank building on Monday, January 3.

No Change in Condition.

There is no change in the condition of J. & O. Endicott, William Endicott, who has been seriously ill at his home on South Pittsburg street for some time.

Bought Stolen Shoes.

Charles Ads and son, Raymond, are in jail on charges of buying stolen shoes from Howard Robinson, in jail for robbing a Uniontown shoe store.

State in Court.

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EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW AND HAD SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN TONSILINE WOULD QUICKLY CURE IT.

A quick, safe, soothng, healing salve especially made for sore throats. TONSILINE is the best and easiest way to cure a sore throat. It is a special preparation of Tonicine, Salicylic acid, Camphor, Menthol, Sassafras oil, and other ingredients.

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The Daily Courier.

Entered as second class matter at the post office, Connellsville.

THE COUNCIL COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.H. P. SNYDER,
President and Managing Editor.
J. H. STIMMELL,
Secretary and Treasurer.Offices, The Courier Building, 127½ W.
Main Street, Connellsville, Pa.TELEPHONE KING,
CITY EDITORS AND REPORTERS,
Bell, Two Rings; Tri-State, 55 Two
Rings.BUSINESS OFFICE, JOB AND CIR-
CULATION DEPARTMENT, 127½ W.
Main Street, Connellsville, Pa.H. P. SNYDER, Editor and Manager,
Tele., 14.SUBSCRIPTION,
DAILY, 25 per year; 10 per copy;
WEEKLY, \$1 per year; 25 per copy;
PAY NO MONEY TO CARRIERS, but only
to subscribers who propose to receive
and return to us our publications in
the delivery of The Courier to homes
by the carriers in Connellsville or our
agents in other towns should be re-
garded to this end at once.

ADVERTISING,

THE DAILY COURIER is the only
daily newspaper in the Connellsville
area which has the honesty and
courage to print a daily report under
each of the column heads of copies it
receives from the Standard Oil Company.An interesting and curiositatem in
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area trade. It has special value as an
industrial journal and an advertising
medium for such interests.

WEDNESDAY EVE'G, JAN. 10, 1912.

A FRIENDLY KENTUCKY KNIGHT.

The Steel Corporation, Andrew Carnegie Stanley, Special Steel Products, to the rainbow lepers of the Democratic Party in the coming Presidential contest, was easily foisted into the House yesterday when it hesitated to appropriate a few paltry monies for the purpose of buying up the available campaign material. The belligerency of the House, it may be remembered in passing, was doubtless due to the fact that all Democrats are not wholly lacking in political judgment. They are beginning to realize that this spectacular investigation of the Steel Corporation is like chicken scratch to the raven.

Sir Knight from the Knights' State of Kentucky has evidently deserted the Knights' state. He is reported as declaring that he has reached the end of courteous treatment of the Steel Corporation officers. He certainly did much the same to the members of his own cabinet, transmogrified by him into the officers of the Steel Corporation. They have all responded promptly to his summons and answered willingly all his questions. Judge Elbert H. Gary, the head of the Steel Corporation, has never been backward in furnishing Sir Knight Stanley and his committee with all information concerning the affairs of the corporation they desire.

In fact, the affairs of the Steel Corporation have for many years been an open book, and regarding them there is no reason why any of its officers should conceal anything. As a protest, Sir Knight wants to hide in a closet or under an every wheel. He will have a dull point.

Sir Knight Stanley seems to be In-

terned because the Steel Corporation faintly protested against his further inquiry after the Attorney General of the United States had filed suit against the corporation. It is desired, however, that the great iron that it was "in combination, by restraint of trade" yet that protest rests upon established legal grounds, and the laws are made for the corporations as well as for arms and individuals.

It is a rule of common law no old as

our government that a man may be

imprisoned to testify against himself,

and while this rule has been somewhat modified its spirit remains in the law.

This spirit of the law protests against the further inquiries of the Steel Corporation. The Steel Cor-

poration should refuse furnish Sir

Knight Stanley with any further in-

formation, excepting that he is on trial for his life in a higher court.

They should conclude with Sir Knight Stanley that they have reached the end of "courteous treatment" and if

protested any further by that putative

but peevish knight they should sub-

mit their status to the court when

admonished.

The dogs of the Inquisition are over.

It's no longer, "Oh, Stanley, Out!" but

"Back, Stanley, Back!"

The Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Supreme Court has held the

status of the Interstate Commerce

Commission pretty bright. It has de-

clared that the commission has no

original jurisdiction and ample power

to regulate rates and all other railway

conditions affecting the movement of

interstate commerce.

The Interstate Commerce Commis-

sion has grown some since it was born.

It was a child of the railroad, and now

it is a giant, a colossus, at the

hands of the railroads influence, which

then dominated the legislation of the

country. It is a mystery which we will

not undertake to explain. It is cer-

tain, however, that for some years

it was not taken very seriously, and

its powers were not considered to be

dangerous. It was purely a political in-

strument.

But public sentiment changed one

day, when for reasons of their

own self-interest the railroads re-

sumed to drink milk and live

on meat. From a child it

became a man, and now the Supreme

Court pronounces it the Strong Man

in the Railroad World.

The Strong Man should always be a

just master, but the demands of

questions coming before it the Inter-

State Commerce Commission will be

governed by the rules of equity and not

like the Stanley Committee by the de-

mands of politics. The railway ques-

tion is a very complicated one, and

many difficulties must exist which

have been formulated in wrong directions.

Some of them being too high and some

too low. Many of them will have to be

revised to make them just, but in the

revision the Interstate Commerce Com-

mission should not, and we think they

will not, lose sight of the rights of the

stockholders of the railroads.

The Chinese situation has not been

so bad as to require the intervention of

the United States in protecting the

interests of Americans in China.

The Chinese situation is not inviting

but the Chinese situation is not inviting

SCOTTDALE BANKS ELECT DIRECTORS

First National and Broad-
way Institutions Hold
Annual Meetings.

THE SHARES ARE WELL VOTED

Weather So Mild That Suffering Is
Caused Among Those Who Were
Out—Methodists Meet to Follow
Methodical Work—Other Notes.

Special to The Courier.

SCOTTDALE, Jan. 10.—The National banks of Scottdale held their annual meetings of stockholders for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year yesterday afternoon. The First National Bank held its meeting first, after which the average share in that bank was voted for the list of nine directors. These directors are as follows: A. L. Kehler, L. F. Stoner, Jacob S. Loucks, Thomas Lynch, F. O. Kehler, J. W. Ruth, J. P. Brennen, B. L. Kehler and A. C. Overholser. These directors will meet on Thursday afternoon to organize for the new year.

The Broadway National Bank also elected directors to serve during this year. The board of directors of the Broadway bank are: E. H. Field and John R. Byrne, of Scottdale; W. J. Miller and L. F. Miller, of Pennville; William Duncan of Alverton; Frank W. Burns of Everson and W. W. Franklin of Rutherford. The just elected directors will hold their meetings for organization immediately following the election and choose the following officers: E. H. Field, President; John R. Byrne, Vice President; and Charles S. Hall, Cashier. These were all officers during the past year.

DISORGANIZED.

The mercantile firm of J. Brown & Son of Pittsburg street has been dissolved. The firm was composed of J. Brown and Isaac Brown, the former retiring on account of ill health. Isaac Brown who has had charge of the business for several months during the illness of his father, will continue the business.

MISERABLE WEATHER.

Miserable weather is what it has been since the mercury began to be chased up and down, principally down the tube, the last few days. The heavy rain on Monday night was sufficient to coat the streets invitingly with ice while the snow fell even in the tubes with sickening consistency. The snow that followed the rain only made matters worse for the people's faces, when the snow was shot into their eyes as they ventured out. Several of the school rooms were dismissed yesterday on account of the lack of heat, which was no particular fault of the heating system which was in perfect condition, except which was no better than 55° F., which could not also to meet the exceptionally severe demands made upon it. The small children going to and coming from school were nearly blown away by the force of the wind, and the wise parents kept the youngsters at home, rather than allow them to go forth. With the large pupils the situation was not quite so bad, as the snow was not so deep as to impede their progress, when said pupils were hearty and healthy. In the evening young folks got out on their sleds and made tracks of the streets. Horses had a hard time in getting about, and one of a pair drawing one of T. W. Hayes' carriages while being taken to the stable, after the fall of Abraham at Dutch, fell on Division street. Someone held the horse's head down and then the harness was removed and the horse set on his feet again.

MEETING WAS HELD.

The rage of the storm was not sufficient to deter a good number of the Methodists. Epiphany congregation from attending the special service held in that church last evening, in consider plans for more systematic church work. When Rev. H. H. Piper called for volunteers for a choir to be present in these Thursday and Wednesday evening meetings Robert R. Burkell volunteered to act as its leader. Mr. T. E. Armentrout, a member of the Board of Education, and Secretary for the Personal Workers, Mrs. M. M. Trout as the chairman of the committee to awaken interest in members that have become careless and Jessie A. Stauffer to lead the cottage prayer meeting. The regular prayer meeting will be held this evening.

SLEEPERS AGAIN.

It was more than the seven sleepers that gathered in the Scottdale borough last night when the severe weather struck this region, for an even dozen sought shelter from the storm in the lockup on Monday night. This is the most that has been in any night this winter, breaking records for a long time. The house was a wretched apartment in the three cells, and not much heat, given them as was available, which if the heating power under the lockup is no better than it used to be, was not enough to try anyone to a brown tint. The fellows were really unwilling to

SICK HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, CONSTIPATION—CASCARETS

Sick headaches! Always trace them to lazy liver, decayed, fermenting food in the bowels or a stale stomach. Poisonous matter instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, aching throbbing, aching headache.

Cascarets remove the cause by stimulating the liver, making the poison pass out and purifying the blood. The effect is almost神奇的. Cascarets are easily soluble in water and especially prone to sick headaches, not to mention that they can be quickly cured by Cascarets. One takes courage will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box means a clear head and perfect health for months. Don't forget the children—their little bodies need a good, gentle, cleansing, too. Children gladly take Cascarets, because they taste good and never gripe or sicken.

Cascarets
REGULATE STOMACH, LIVER & BOWELS
TASTE GOOD—NEVER GRIPE OR SICKEN!

10c per box
All drug stores
Any store

boat it to the outer cold when Hotel-
keeper W. E. Henry came down this
morning.

EVANGELIST IS HOME.

Rev. L. G. Stevenger, a Scottdale mill-
man, recently pastor of the Young-
wood United Brethren church, which
he resigned to enter evangelistic
work, has returned home from
Erieville, N. Y., where he conducted a
winning campaign.

Rev. A. H. Hendrikson, pastor of Beaver Falls is here
visiting his brother, Rev. C. W. Hendrikson,
pastor of the United Brethren church, who is holding evangelistic
services every evening this week. Rev.
Saywer will give some help in the
meetings, while Rev. Hendrikson will
be here all the week.

NEWS OF THE DAY IN MT. PLEASANT

Happenings of Interest in the Busy Town Among the Hills.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE DOING

The Banks Elect Their Officers, But
Few Changes Being Made—Building
& Loan Association's Board Organ-
ized—Other Notes.

Special to The Courier.

MT. PLEASANT, Jan. 10.—The stockholders of the First National Bank met at the bank yesterday morning and elected the old board of directors with one exception, which are now as follows: J. S. Hitchman, J. G. Braddock, J. C. Crowover, S. N. Wadsworth, D. D. Hitchman, William D. Stroh, C. W. Morrison, C. E. Shattock, J. C. Stauffer and W. S. Leader. John D. Hitchman, President; S. N. Wadsworth, Vice President, and G. W. Stroh, Cashier.

The People's National Bank also organized with the old board of directors: Charles R. Farnoy, Cast L. Hettler, J. C. Kohler, J. C. Kennedy, W. C. Carpenter, A. A. Lovett, S. W. Stroh, Charles A. Grant, Herman Hamel, M. E. Myers and P. L. March, Charles R. Farnoy, President; Charles A. Grant, Vice President; W. C. Shupe, Cashier.

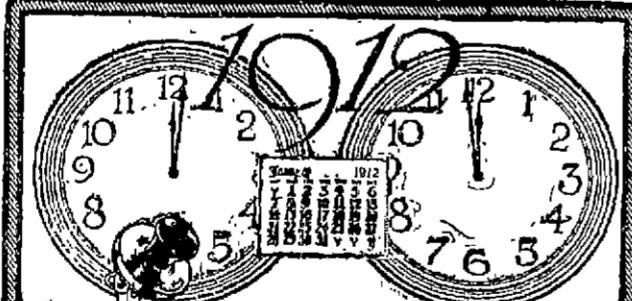
The Citizens Savings & Trust Company also organized with their old board of directors.

The body of Andy Crawford, aged 57, who died at his Stauffer home, will be shipped over the B. & O. road from here today to Connellsville.

Mrs. Mary Glenn, daughter of Thomas Glenn, died at her Depot Street home of pneumonia. She deceased was 23 years old and was a devout member of St. Joseph's church.

FRESH DANCES TAUGHT.

N.Y. NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Major Gaynor has notified New York dancing masters that they are forbidden longer to teach the "turkey trot," the "grizzly bear" and the "bunny hug" under penalty of losing their licenses.



From the First Minute to the Last

Every Hour, every Day in
the Year, you should have
the Bell Telephone within
arm's-length.

Resolve to have one now if you're still
trying to get along without it.
Resolve to make it serve you more in
the everyday duties it helps with, so
wonderfully.

Resolve to call the Business Office to-
day and learn more about it.

THE C. D. & P. TEL. CO.
Thos. Simpson, Mgr. Connellsville.

Fresh Air
Sunshine
Scott's Emulsion
Happy Thoughts

Let these
Vitalizing Elements
into your home; they are the
simple means of keeping
Nerves, Brain and Body
strong, active, enduring.

There is no substitute for
Fresh Air, Sunshine, Happy
Thoughts or

Scott's Emulsion

ALL DRUGGISTS 31-43

Economy Friday, BARGAINS That Sparkle With Savings.

Again comes that week-end event that has made this store the mecca for those economically inclined.

Values were never greater, owing to the special preparations we have made for our First Bargain Friday of 1912.

SILKS

All silks that formerly sold at \$1 and \$1.25, including messa-
line and tafta, in solid colors
and fancy shades, also black, 79c

Fancy Silks that formerly sold at 80c, Economy Friday 69c

Skinner's Guaranteed Satin,
36 inches wide; never sold at less
than \$1.50 per yard, in most all
shades, yard \$1.19

Satin, 36 inches wide, that al-
ways sold at \$1 per yard, Econ-
omy Friday Special 79c

Silk Marquise in gray, yel-
low, light blue, pink and white,
Economy Friday Special 38c

DRESS GOODS

50 inch Broadcloth, comes in
black, blue, tan, brown, mude-
red, red, and green, 79c

56 inch all Wool Cloths, in
three shades of gray, just the
thing for the new manly waist-
coat 63c

Plaid Dress Goods in all the
newest colorings, 18c

All Wool Suitings in all the
new shades of mixed gray, red
and solid colors, 39c

All Wool Batiste in light shade
for evening wear; light blue, tan,
lavender, white and navy blue,
also black, 39c

50 inch Serge in navy blue and
black, Economy Friday 75c

50 inch Panama in black only,
Economy Friday Special 43c

Dress Goods in solid blue, and
black with hair-line stripe, Econ-
omy Friday Special 59c

All Wool Serge in black and
white with hair-line stripe, Econ-
omy Friday Special 43c

All Wool Poplin in navy blue,
tan and the new leather brown,
Economy Friday Special 79c

Satin striped Voile; a new ma-
terial for evening dresses in
white, light blue, pink, lavender,
navy blue and black 25c

French Flannel for waists,
Economy Friday Special 35c

GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Men's heavy black Fur Driving
Gloves, \$2 values, Economy
Friday Special \$1.25

Men's heavy Fur Caps, in all
sizes, \$1.50 to \$2 values, Economy
Friday Special 75c

Men's all wool flannel Shirts,
in blue, green and gray, \$1.25 val-
ues, Economy Friday Special 90c

Men's all wool Sweater Coats
in black and brown, \$2.50 values,
Economy Friday Special \$1.75

All FURS for Ladies, Misses
and Children Reduced One-Third
of Their Former Prices.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

All Fabric Gloves that former-
ly sold up to 50, Economy Fri-
day Special 19c

All \$1 Kid Gloves, manly
and dress, Economy Friday 83c

All \$1.50 Kid Gloves, manly
and dress, Economy Friday \$1.12

One lot Fancy Collars that for-
merly sold up to 75c, slightly
soiled, Economy Friday 10c

One lot Veiling that formerly
sold up to 50c, Economy Friday
Special 15c

One lot of Yarn, among which
you will find all such wanted
kinds as Flashers, knitting yarn,
Saxony and Zepplers; some are
slightly soiled and mussed, per
 skein 6c

One lot Curtain Ends, Friday
Special, per strip 10c

One lot Fascinators, that for-
merly sold at from 75c to \$2.90,
Economy Friday Special 59c

**MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILD-
REN'S CLOTHING**

At Friday Economy Prices that
will pay you well to investigate.

\$10 and \$12 Men's Suits in
plain black or fancy cassimere,
priced for Economy Friday only,
at 4.98

Men's Overcoats and Rain-
coats, in black and dark mixtures
a limited number to be sold, \$4.98

Extra Values in Boys' Suits
and Overcoats.

Boys' Suits, sold from \$5 to \$7,
in all wool heavy serge and fancy
striped cassimere, priced for
Economy Friday 3.98

Boys' Overcoats in dark mix-
tures and black and blue kerseys,
some sold up to \$10, Friday Econ-
omy price 3.98

EXTRA!

Boys' heavy Chinchilla Reeler
O'Coats, sold early in the season
at \$9, will be placed on sale at
Economy Friday price 3.98

\$1 Boys' Corduroy Knee'Pants
Economy Friday price 69c

Boys' heavy wool Knee'Pants,
75s grade, 42c

1 lot of good strong'Knee
Pants at 17c

1 lot of Men's Odd Vests 48c

1 lot of Men's Trousers, in
black thibet or fancy worsteds,
sold up to \$2.50, Economy Fri-
day only 1.39

Feldstein-Levine Co.

Fayette County's Largest and Best Department Store

On Pittsburg Street, - - - Connellsville, Pa.

Want Ads—1 Cent a Word.

There is Only One

"Bromo Quinine"

That is

Laxative Bromo Quinine

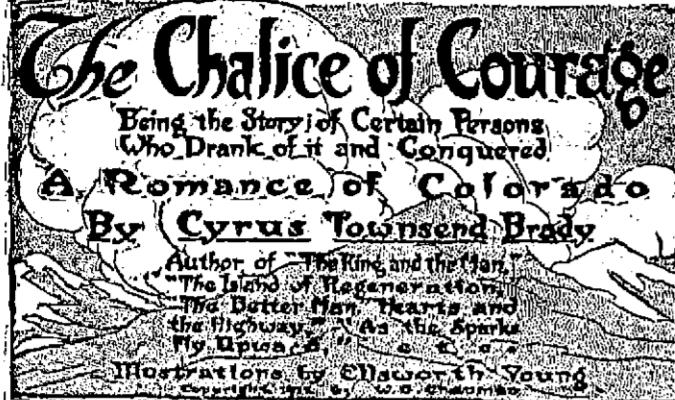
USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look
for this signature on every box. 25c.

E. McLean

OLYMPIC

The Biggest 5-Cent
Show in Connellsville
with the latest and best Moving
Pictures on the market.



Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "The King and the Queen,"
"The Island of Regeneration,"
"The Better Man," "Hearts and
the Highway," "On the Sparks,"
"My Upward Way," "The
Mountain of the Sun," "The
Mountain of the Moon," etc.

It was against nature that a man lowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its censments of futile remorse, vain expiations and bonumbrum recollection; some day, he should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and do once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitude.

He did not allow these thoughts to come into his life; indeed, it is quite likely that he scarcely realized them at all yet; such possibilities did not present themselves to him. Perhaps the man was a little mad that morning, maybe he trembled on the verge of a break-upward, downward, I know not so it be away—unconsciousness, as he strode along the range that morning.

He had been walking for some hours and as he grew thirsty it occurred to him to descend to the level of the brook which he heard below him and of which he sometimes caught a flashing glimpse through the trees. He scrabbled down the rocks and found himself in a thick grove of pines. Making his way slowly and with great difficulty through the tangle of fallen timber which lay in every direction, the sound of a human voice, the last thing on earth to be expected in that wilderness, smote upon the ear of his ear.

Any voice or any word there and there would have surprised him, but there was a note of awful terror in this voice. A sound of frightened appeal. The desperation in the cry told him no moment for thought the demand was for action. The cry was not addressed to him, apparently, but to God, yet it was he who answered—sent doubtless by that Over-looking Power who works in such mysterious ways His wonder to perform!

He leaped over the intervening trees to the edge of the forest where the rapid waters ran. To the right of him rose a huge rock, or cliff, in front of him the canon bent sharply to the north, and beneath him a few rods away a speck of white gleamed above the water of a deep and still pool that he knew.

There was a woman there! He had time for but the swiftest glance; he had surmised that the voice was not that of a man's voice instantly. He heard it, and now he saw. She stood white breast deep in the water staring ahead of her. The next second he saw what had alarmed her—a Grizzly Bear, the largest, fiercest, most forbidding specimen he had ever seen. There were a few of those monsters still left in the range; he himself had killed several.

The woman had not seen him. He was a silent man by long habit, accustomed to saying nothing, to said nothing now. But justly afraid from the lip with a wondrous skill a perfect mastery of his weapon, and indeed it was a short time for a hundred targets, he pumped bullet after bullet from his Winchester into the evil maw of the mountain. The first shot did for him, but making assurance double and triple sure,



He Caught a Glimpse of Her White Desperate Face.

he fired again and again. Satisfied at last that the bear was dead, and observing that he had fallen upon the clothes of the bather, he turned, descended the stream for a few yards until he came to a place where it was easily fordable, stepped through it without a glace toward the woman abivering in the water, whose sonority so far as a mere man could, he thoroughly understood and appreciated, made no modesty to feel would spare having not forgotten to be a gentleman—high tone of quality, that.

He climbed out upon the bank, uprooted a small tree, rolled the bear clear of the heap of woman's clothing and marched straight ahead of him up the canon and around the bend.

Thereupon, being a man, he did not faint or fail, but completely unversed he leaped against the canon wall, dropped his gun at his feet and stood there trembling mightily, sweat beading his forehead, and the sweat had not come from his exertions. In

unlooked for cloudburst was about to occur above their heads. A lightning flash and a thunder clap at last arrested his attention. Then, but not until then, he doing everything to the winds and amidst the tumult and tumultuous roarings of the thunder, he started on toward the which was lost in the tremendous din of sound that "roared" and "reechoed" through the rifts of the mountains. "Wait," he cried again and again. "Come up higher. Get out of the water. You'll be drowned."

But he had waited too long. The storm had developed too rapidly; she was too far ahead of and beneath him. She heard nothing but the sound of a voice, shrill, moaning, fraught with terror for her, not a word distinguishable; scarcely to her disturbed soul even a human voice it seemed. Heard the weird cry of some wild spirit of the storm. It sounded to her overwrought nerves so utterly inhuman that she only ran the faster.

The canon swerved and then doubled back, but he knew its direction. Losing sight of her for the moment he plunged straight ahead through the trees, cutting off the bend, leaping over superhuman agility and strength over rocks and logs until he reached a point where the rift narrowed between two walls and ran deeply. There and then the heavens opened and the flood came and beat into the open mouth of that vast crevice and filled it in an instant.

As the deluge came roaring down, bearing onward the sweepings and scourings of the mountains, he caught a glimpse of her white desperate face, crying, rising, now disappearing, now coming into view again, in the foamy midst of the torrent. He ran to the sun bank and throwing aside his gun, he seized the rock over which the rushing water broke thickly. Ordinarily it was twenty foot above the creek bed. Bracing himself against a jagged projection he waded prayer. The canon was here so narrow that he could have leaped to the other side and yet it was too narrow for him to reach her if the water did not sweep her back to his feet. It was all done! In a second. Fortunately a projection on the other side threw the force of the torrent toward him and with it came the woman.

She was almost spent. She had been struck by a log upheaved; by some mighty wave, her hands were moving feebly, her eyes were closed, she was drowning, dying; but indomitably battling on. He stooped down and a surge lifted her, he threw his arm around her waist and then he braced himself against the rock to sustain the full thrust of the mighty hand. As he braced her she gave way suddenly, as if after having done all that she could, there was now nothing left but to trust herself to his hand and Ood's. She hung a dead weight from his arm in the raving water. He raised her above the flood. He raised her above the head and laid her upon the shore, then with the very last atom of all his force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted into the turbulent bed of the river.

The woman was here in the midst of the water, for even on the farther side the earth quaked, he did not know what might be there, but he had to chance it. Lifting her up he stepped out, fortunately meeting firm ground. A few paces and he reached solid rock above the flood. He raised her above the head and laid her upon the shore, then with the very last atom of all his force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted into the turbulent bed of the river.

The cloudburst was over, but the rain still beat down upon them, the thunder still roared above them, the lightning still dashed about them, but they were safe, alive. If the woman had not died in his arms. He had done a thing superhuman. No man knowing conditions would have believed it. He himself would have declared a thousand times its patent impossibility.

For a few seconds he strove to recover himself, then he thought of the flask he always carried in his pocket. It was gone. His clothes were ragged and torn; he had been ruined by his bath in the waves. The girl lay where he had placed her, her head in his lap. He struggled turbulently to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in

Such was the swiftness of the inundation with which they were swept downward that he had little need to swim, his only effort was to keep his head above water and to keep from being dashed against the logs that tumbled end over end, or whirled sideways, or were jammed into clusters only to burst out on every hand. He struggled turbulently to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in

He rose to his feet on the instant and saw the woman also lift herself from the grass as it moved by a similar impulse. In his intense preoccupation he had forgot to observe the signs of the times. A sense of the overcast sky came to him suddenly as it did to her, but with a difference. He knew what was about to happen; he knew that she could not escape as to the awful possibilities of the tempest that she could possibly imagine. She must be warned at once, she must leave the canon and get up on the higher ground without delay. His duty was plain and yet he did it not. He could not. The pressure upon him was not yet strong enough.

A half dozen times as he watched her deliberately sitting there eating, he opened his mouth to cry to her, yet he could not bring himself to it. A strange timidity oppressed him; halted her, held his buck. A man cannot stay away five years from man and women and be himself with them; in the twinkling of an eye. And when that instinctive and acquired reluctance against which he struggled in vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himself to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her under surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his coat, his usual judgment bewildest. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier than his and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful old appal-

of weak humanity awoke quite response in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stronger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the din.

Promently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still rushed mightily, breaking over rocks, digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had surrendered some of his strength for this final effort, his last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Presently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still rushed mightily, breaking over rocks, digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had surrendered some of his strength for this final effort, his last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Shifting his grasp to the woman's hair, now unbound, he held her with one hand and swam hard with the other. The current still ran swiftly but with no regular upheaving waves as before. It was more easy to avoid floating timber and debris, and on one side where the ground sloped some what gently the quick water flowed more slowly. He struck out desperately for it, forcing himself away from the main stream into the shallows and dragging the woman. Was it hours or minutes or seconds after that he gained the bank and neared the shore at the lowest edge?

He caught with his forearm, as the torrent swerved him around, a stout young pine so deeply rooted as yet to have withstood the flood. Summoning the last reserve of strength that is bestowed upon us in our hour of need, and comes unless from God we know not whence, he drew himself in front of the pine, got his back against it and although the water thundered against him still—only by comparison could it be called quiet—and his foothold was most precarious, he reached down carefully and grasped the woman under the shoulders. His hands were clasped about her waist, his feet were clasped about her ankles. He raised her above the flood. He raised her above the head and laid her upon the shore, then with the very last atom of all his force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted into the turbulent bed of the river.

The pine stood in the midst of the water, for even on the farther side the earth quaked, he did not know what might be there, but he had to chance it. Lifting her up he stepped out, fortunately meeting firm ground. A few paces and he reached solid rock above the flood. He raised her above the head and laid her upon the shore, then with the very last atom of all his force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted into the turbulent bed of the river.

The cloudburst was over, but the rain still beat down upon them, the thunder still roared above them, the lightning still dashed about them, but they were safe, alive. If the woman had not died in his arms. He had done a thing superhuman. No man knowing conditions would have believed it. He himself would have declared a thousand times its patent impossibility.

For a few seconds he strove to recover himself, then he thought of the flask he always carried in his pocket. It was gone. His clothes were ragged and torn; he had been ruined by his bath in the waves. The girl lay where he had placed her, her head in his lap. He struggled turbulently to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in

Such was the swiftness of the inundation with which they were swept downward that he had little need to swim, his only effort was to keep his head above water and to keep from being dashed against the logs that tumbled end over end, or whirled sideways, or were jammed into clusters only to burst out on every hand. He struggled turbulently to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in

He rose to his feet on the instant and saw the woman also lift herself from the grass as it moved by a similar impulse. In his intense preoccupation he had forgot to observe the signs of the times. A sense of the overcast sky came to him suddenly as it did to her, but with a difference. He knew what was about to happen; he knew that she could not escape as to the awful possibilities of the tempest that she could possibly imagine. She must be warned at once, she must leave the canon and get up on the higher ground without delay. His duty was plain and yet he did it not. He could not. The pressure upon him was not yet strong enough.

A half dozen times as he watched her deliberately sitting there eating, he opened his mouth to cry to her, yet he could not bring himself to it. A strange timidity oppressed him; halted her, held his buck. A man cannot stay away five years from man and women and be himself with them; in the twinkling of an eye. And when that instinctive and acquired reluctance against which he struggled in vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himself to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her under surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his coat, his usual judgment bewildest. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier than his and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful old appal-

of weak humanity awoke quite response in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stronger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the din.

Promently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still rushed mightily, breaking over rocks, digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had surrendered some of his strength for this final effort, his last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Shifting his grasp to the woman's hair, now unbound, he held her with one hand and swam hard with the other. The current still ran swiftly but with no regular upheaving waves as before. It was more easy to avoid floating timber and debris, and on one side where the ground sloped some what gently the quick water flowed more slowly. He struck out desperately for it, forcing himself away from the main stream into the shallows and dragging the woman. Was it hours or minutes or seconds after that he gained the bank and neared the shore at the lowest edge?

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